

## Take time while 'tis offerd.

For *Tom* has broke his word with his sweeting,  
And lost a good wife for an houres meeting,  
Another good-fellow has gotten the Lasse,  
And *Tom* may go shake his long cares like an Ass.

To the tune of *Within the North country.*



**V**hen Titans fiery steeds  
Were lodged in the West,  
And every beast and feathered fowle,  
Betoke themselves to rest.

Abroad I walked then  
To take the evenings ayre,  
Hard by a gentle gliding stream  
I saw a damosell sleepe.

Sweet *Tom*, quoth she, make haste,  
Why dost thou stay so long?  
If thou dost not thy promise keep,  
Alas thou dost me wrong.

Thou knowest I ventured hane  
To meet thee here to night,  
Why then wilt thou for my true love,  
Be churishly requite?

If that my mother knew  
That I this time was missing,  
To meet with thee, she'd sweare that I  
Should neuer haue her blessing.

Pet is my love to firt,  
Though I were sure to die,  
I would be sure to meet with thee,  
Love lends me wings to fly.

But now I well perceiue,  
When mayds lone yong men be,  
They use them like their seruile slaues,  
And thus am I oppress.

At first they wooe and pray,  
And many oathes they sweare,  
Until like birds they haue them caught  
Into their crafty snare.

When will they be reled,  
And come to our face;  
Thus for our kindnesse oft we are  
Rewarded with disgrace.

This I my selfe haue proued  
That here I do repast,  
For he to whom I gave my heart  
Makes me his laughing sport.

45. 6. 28. 335

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## The second Part.

To the sametune.



**T**his night he promised me  
To meet at nine a clock,  
Which hour's long past, therefore I doubt  
With me he doth but mock.

While I sit sighing here,  
He's dragging to his mates,  
That his sweet-heart within the fields,  
How say his coming waits.

Thus like a Lion Kerce,  
He insulteth o'er his prey,  
Alas there is no remedy,  
Being bound, I must obey.

Hard hearted creature here  
To serve me in this kind,  
His flattering tongue hath wrought my bane,  
As now with griefs I find.

Alas what shall I do,  
I am possid with fears,  
For rather than his homeward go,  
My life he doth here.

For if that I go home,  
My father he will trouble,  
My mother he will scold him,  
And that's the worst of all.

Whoe tell me I have bin  
A gadling after Tom,  
Whoe swears he never leaves these tricks,  
Till I come laden home.

If he would meet me here,  
Those words I well could bear,  
For when that I am armed with love,  
Their taunts I do not care.

What Tom make haste along,  
Or else I shall despair,  
For home until I see thy face  
I mean not to repair.

What should the reason be,  
That thou wilt me neglect,  
For I have cast thy betters off  
My person to affect.

If me thou dost forsake,  
Looke nere to finde the like,  
He thinks experience might thee teach,  
While the Iron's hot to strike.

My portion is not small,  
My parentage not base,  
My looking-glasse informs me that  
I have a comely face.

Yet have I made a choyce  
Against my parents will,  
Which one so meane, who cruelly  
My tender heart doth kill.

I hearing her say so,  
Was boldely to her come,  
The night was darke, and she believed  
That I was her owne Tom.

She blam'd my carrying long,  
Which I did well excuse,  
I praye her to go along with me,  
Which she did not refuse:

Supposing all this while  
That I had bin her Tom;  
She swears she had rather go with me,  
Then to go euer home.

Thus Tom has lost his Lasse  
Because he broke his vow,  
And I have eapt my fortunes well,  
The case is altered now.

FINIS.

M. P.

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